

# The Good Life - Album Of The Year

Tom: C  
Intro: Am Riff  
Am Riff  
Am Riff  
Am Riff

Riff  
E|-----|  
B|-----|  
G|-----|  
D|-----|  
A|---2-|  
E|-3-|

The first time that I met her I was throwing up in the ladies' room stall

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

She asked me if I needed anything, I said, "I think I spilled my drink"

And that's how it started  
Or so I'd like to believe

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

She took me to her mother's house outside of town where the stars hang down

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

She said she'd never seen someone so lost I said I'd never felt so found

And then I kissed her on the cheek

And so she kissed me on the mouth Oh, oh, oh

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

Spring was popping daisies up 'round rusted trucks and busted lawn chairs

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

We moved into a studio in Council Bluffs to save a couple bucks

Where the mice came out at night

Neighbors were screaming all the time

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

We'd make love in the afternoons to Chelsea Girls and Bachelor Number 2

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

I played for her some songs I wrote she's joke and say I'm shooting through the roof

I'd say, "they're all for you, dear"  
I'll write the album of the year"

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

And I know she loved me then

I swear to god she did

It's the way she'd bite my lower lip

And push her hips against my hips

And dig her nails so deep into my skin

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )  
( Am )

The first time that I met her I was convinced I had finally found the one

( Am G Em7 )  
( Am G Em7 )

She was convinced I was under the influence of all those drunken romantics

I was reading Fante at the time, I had Bukowski on my mind

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

She got a job at Jacob's, serving cocktails to the local drunks

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

Against her will, I fit the bill, I perched down at the end of the bar

She said, "space is not just a place for stars

I gave you an inch, you want a house with a yard"

And I know she loved me once, but those days are done

She used to call me every day from a payphone on her break for lunch

Just to say she can't wait to come home

Oh, to come home

Oh, to come home

To come home

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

The last time that I saw her, she was picking through which records were hers

( Am Riff )  
( Am Riff )

Dm G C C  
Am  
Clothes were packed in boxes, with some pots and pans, and  
books, and a toaster  
G  
Just then a mouse scurried across the floor N.C.  
C G

We started laughing 'till it didn't hurt  
Am F  
Started laughing 'till it didn't hurt  
C G  
Started laughing 'till it didn't hurt  
Am F  
Started laughing 'till it didn't hurt, alright  
( C G Am F )  
( C G Am F )  
( C )

## Acordes

